This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.

*Romeo.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

*Merc.* True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
VVhich is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

*Ben.* This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Ro.* I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
VVith this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with napkins.*

*Enter* Romeo.

*Ser.* VVheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away? He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

1. VVhen good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

*Ser.* Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Court cubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, saue mee a peece of March-pane, and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. Iboy



2. Iboy readie.

*Ser.* You are lookt for, and ca
in the great Chamber.

3. We cannot be here and the
Be brisk a while, and the longe

*Enter all the guests a*
*Mask*

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentleme
Vnplagued with Cornes, will
Ah my Mistresses, which of you
Will now deny to dance, she th
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am
Welcome Gentlemen, I hau e
That I haue worne a visor and
A whispering tale in a faire Lad
Such as would please: tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen,
*Musicke play*
A hall, a hall, giue roome, and
More light you knaues, and tu
And quench the fier, the room
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for spor
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Ca*
For you and I are past our daun
How long ist now since last yo
Were in a maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yea

1. *Capu.* What man tis not so
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucient*
Come Pentycost as quickly as
Some fiue and twenty yeares, a

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, h
His sonne is thirty.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me tha
His sonne was but a ward two



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